

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

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No. 2.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance.

To J. W. F. of Chesterfield, N. H. the writer of the following Essay, was awarded a set of Byron's Poems.

## FICTION

### AS SUBSIDIARY TO HISTORY.

It has been the opinion of most great and good men, that, in order to convey any useful instruction to the mind, it is necessary, in some degree to consult the various passions and interests, that actuate the human family. Care must be taken not only to convince the understanding, but to enliven the sensibilities, to awaken the sympathies, and enlist, as far as possible, the numberless prejudices, and caprices, which govern man's opinions.

With this truth in view, perhaps, no passion requires more to be flattered, or is more constant in its demands, than the restless thirst for novelty—we all must own its influence. From tottering infancy to the grave, we are continually throwing aside what we already grasp, and reaching for something new. We can never forget with what mingled awe and rapture, we have hung over the dreadful and mysterious imagery of the elder bards, with what thrilling interest we have dwelt on the tales of spectres and fairies, of supernatural interpositions, of desperate heroism, of impossible dangers and equally impossible deliverances. With all these, we have not only been charmed but, for a time, have given them unlimited credence, yet when their novelty was gone, or a mature judgment taught us that they were contrary to the laws of nature, we have cast them from us with disgust, and transferred the same intense interest to such as we supposed within the limits of possibility and reality. Thus, the most rigid morality has, at times found an open avenue to our hearts, and crept into them unawares—and thus fiction has become a most powerful vehicle of historical truth. Far be it from us to detract from the merits of the faithful recorder. The author who succeeds in making a proper selection of facts—in tracing memorable events back to their causes, and forward to their consequences, and in furnishing a satisfactory theory of their connexion and mutual dependency, has undoubtedly the greatest claims on the gratitude of posterity. But this mere matter of fact, unless related with something more than ordinary comment, unless ornamented with some-

thing more than the simple garb of truth, but rarely interests and is but seldom consulted beyond the flowerless and dreary path of professional pursuits. The histories of Greece, Rome, and modern Europe, though perhaps the most interesting of any sections of the world, are, to most youthful readers, but cheerless wastes.

How often have we, wearied by the stateliness and monotony of action and thirsting for variety, welcomed even the dry, metaphysical speculations, interspersed in Hume's history, with the same joy that the exhausted pilgrim finds the water springs of Sahara? It is not that the great events of England are uninteresting—to the statesman and politician they should afford a powerful attraction—but the distinctions of rank here displayed, and the amusements of kings and nobles, are but the mere surface of society—the grand outlines, which the dramatist and novelist fill up—not with the strange combinations of a wild and fitful imagination, but with those elementary colours which present the true features of humanity unrestrained, unsullied, and without a veil to conceal either beauty or deformity. "The earth is sufficiently large," says an unknown author, "for the safe expansion and action of all minds however opposite, and we delight to contemplate the same principles, struggling, or playing freely in the various conditions of life, differently combined, receiving different shades and modifications, according to the diversity of influences, under which they are formed, and yet all betraying the universal alliance of man." How fondly, and profitably, then, may we peruse the pages of that immortal bard, whose tragic song has awakened to the History of England, thousands, who otherwise would have slept undisturbed over the most important lessons which the experience of any nation has taught! To him the Richards and Henries owe most of their fame—to his instigation Hume and Goldsmith, most of their admirers, and consequently, England, much of her glory. How few would ever have investigated her annals, had not Shakespeare first awakened curiosity, and sent them to search for a more minute and formal sanction. Will it be said that he has robbed history of its truth, or impoverished the fountain? As well might it be said that Franklin, by stealing a few sparks of fire from a passing cloud, has robbed heaven of its thunder and the vast creation of its electricity. Say rather, that, like him, Shakespeare has illuminated what was else a mystery, and has thrown

over that part of history, which he has celebrated, a glorious splendour, that shines not on the rest.

There is another point of view in which history is rendered more attractive by modern fiction. In formal history, we become acquainted only with beings of a higher order—we are forever kept on the high grounds of existence, and disgusted with the solemn air, and perpetual stateliness of exalted characters, or dazzled by magnificent and princely levees, which, like lightning, flash on the mind, and leave a tenfold darkness. But we soon grow weary of this, and ask for objects of sympathy and regard—for something that has life, and soul, and feeling like ourselves—for something, the recollection of which shall dwell on the heart, and to which we shall frequently and fondly recur. Our hearts are made for communion, not with angels of another sphere, nor with isolated, deified humanity, but with equals on equal ground. The monarch must come down from his lofty eminence, throw off the royal robe, lay aside the sceptre, and unbosom himself to his friends, as man to fellow man, or we can claim no affinity, and feel no sympathy. How different are our sensations, when we turn even from Hume and Robertson to the author of *Waverley*! How are we here delighted, not by a contrast between truth and falsehood—not by the tinsel and ornament of eastern romance—not by arbitrary fashions and formalities which conceal the elements of character, but by the presentation of man and manners, under all the diversities of life, as we ourselves have known them. It is as if the mantle of centuries had been swept back, and we were, for a time living, breathing, and moving, now in the days of the Lion-hearted Richard, contending with the passionate and brave youth of Christendom, now, with the spirit of the reformation, following the feudal banner, or borne along by the impetuous current of fanaticism, burning the last remnant of popery, and erasing the last vestige of Chivalry. Every picture here is true to the life. Every thing in the very features of the individuals called before us, speaks of times of energetic volition, uncontrolled action—the storms and whirlwinds of restless souls, and ungovernable passions. In all these descriptions, it is the truth, and not the marvellous, that excites our admiration. It is the truth that affects us in his most fearful sketches of an erring mind, concentrating all its energies in the investigation of futurity, and as it were unrolling its own destiny by the strength it acquires. It is the same truth that starts us, when he presents the mysterious creations of a wayward fancy, peopling air, earth, and ocean with myriads of shapeless beings, which come and go with a charm. The name of real History, acquires a new, a livelier, and more enduring interest. Richard in the Tournament, among the outlaws, and on his sick-couch at Palestine, is the

same that we should expect from his known eccentricity. We had seen him on his throne surrounded by his nobles, but his genuine goodness of heart, the character of his court, and the character of every thing about him, were secrets which we longed to know, and which these works have disclosed. We may call them novels, or what we please—like every thing human, they may be abused to purposes of falsehood and immorality, but they are nevertheless views of the real world, given by one, who observes it widely, justly and feelingly—by one who passes over nothing, however degrading, and shrinks from nothing however revolting, which nature presents to his view. And has the Author of nature, by grafting in our bosoms the principles of liberty and equality, by planting us in a land, where there are no lords—no feudal manors—no monastic ruins—where the virtue of the people precludes the necessity of knights to protect the fair, put an interdict on the advancement of Fictitious History in America. Have no scenes been witnessed here worthy that immortality which the pencil of genius may bestow? May not posterity look back on our manners and actions, with the same assurance of a correct delineation, and the same delight that we now look into the past ages of England? Let Cooper answer—let the moral and enrapturing strain of Sedgwick evince to the world, that although we have not the disgraceful remnants of Despotism—we have as lofty mountains, as noble streams with naiads sporting on their banks, and can call forth from the wilderness of America, as saintly heroes and heroines, “as e’er could be Britannia’s scorn, or Scotland’s boast.”

## PASSION AND PRINCIPLE.

(Concluded.)

About this time Mrs. Howard received intelligence that her daughter Isabella had consented to receive, as her future husband, a young gentleman who had long paid his addresses to her, and who was esteemed by the whole family. Isabella had used the licence which is too frequently allowed to beauty, and had kept her lover long in suspense. Her friends were happy to learn that she had at length determined to reward his constant attachment. Mrs. Howard, in particular, was rejoiced at it; for she knew Isabella was volatile, and acted too often from the impulse of a momentary fancy, and she hoped that her marriage with a man whose character was exemplary, and whose habits were domestic, would aid in giving more stability to her beautiful, though volatile daughter. It was agreed on that the marriages should take place at the same time; and Isabella was desired to return home to prepare for that event. Isabella *did* return—and burst upon the astonished gaze of Stanley in all the lustre of resplendant beauty.

Never had he beheld a being so dazzling! Her wit and gaiety were irresistible; her smile was enchantment. Cornelia, till now the object of his highest admiration, seemed but an ordinary being compared with the fascinating Isabella. She knew the power of her beauty. She read Stanly's admiration in his enraptured gaze. Coquetry was natural to her; but in this instance, gratified vanity paved the way for a passion, violent as it was sudden. Stanly appeared to her so far superior, in person and manners, to the amiable man to whom she had promised love and constancy, that in less than a week the fickle Isabella hated the engagement which bound her to the amiable Charles Mortimer; and could think, without shuddering, of supplanting her high-souled, unsuspecting sister. Mortimer, who was necessarily detained in Boston, and who was to follow Isabella as soon as possible, was of course ignorant of the change in her whom he idolized. Stanly's mind was a whirl of conflicting feelings; the child of prosperity, accustomed to have his slightest wish gratified, and ever the slave of impulse, the barrier which his engagement with Cornelia opposed to his wishes only rendered them more ardent. His better feelings at times predominated, honour resumed her sway over his mind, and when Cornelia stood before him, in her calm and innocent loveliness, he trembled at the base idea of inflicting pain on a being so tender and so pure; and his soul revolted at the projects he had half dared to form. The innocent cause of his embarrassment could not avoid noticing that his manner, at times, seemed changed, but she was far from suspecting the cause. The penetrating eye of Augusta saw farther—and she earnestly wished for the arrival of Charles Mortimer. Her anxiety was still further increased by a severe indisposition which about that time attacked Mrs. Howard; and which confined herself and Cornelia, chiefly to the apartment of the invalid. As Isabella's nerves were too weak to bear the confinement of a sick chamber, Stanly had too frequent opportunities of seeing her alone, and her too apparent tenderness completed the triumph of passion over principle. In an ungarded hour it was confessed to its object; and he dared to propose to her to forsake her friends and her lover, to submit to a private marriage, and accompany him immediately to England; for he felt that to stay in New-York would be impossible. The erring girl consented, though not without some conflict of remorse and shame. But she imagined she could not be happy with any other than the too insinuating Stanly; and after she had told him so, he found it easy to induce her compliance. Poor Isabella had little time for reflection; their plans were hastily arranged, and as hastily executed. On pretence of taking the air, Isabella met her lover—they were privately married—and a ship being ready to sail, they went immediately on board, and before the

next morning were on their way to England—leaving a letter to be sent to Mrs. Howard, after their departure. This letter was a true picture of Stanly's mind: the incoherence of the style, and the agitation which was expressed in every hurried line, were calculated to excite pity in the generous minds of those to whom it was addressed. But when on board the vessel with his enchanting Isabella, and removed to a distance from those to whose contempt or resentment he could not be indifferent, Stanly found it less difficult to stifle those unpleasant feelings, which were then unavailing.

The fears of Mrs. Howard and family were, in some degree, excited by the prolonged stay of Isabella; but when Stanly's letter arrived, no language can describe their consternation. Cornelia sunk, at first, beneath a blow so overwhelming, and so totally unlooked for; but that *virtuous pride*, which is woman's surest refuge, soon enabled her to conquer the weakness of disappointed affection, and the very tenderness of her feelings aided her to overcome their poignancy. When urged by Augusta to despise the man who could act so base a part, she would exclaim, "Not so, my dear sister; as the husband of another, I can no longer love him as I have loved him; but as he is the husband of my *sister*, it is my duty to *forgive* him." Mrs. Howard saw the struggles in the bosom of her daughter, and while she exulted in the apparent success of her virtuous efforts, she could not help mourning over the different conduct of her erring Isabella. She felt some degree of self-reproach for having placed such implicit confidence in a *stranger*;—but Cornelia would not suffer her mother to blame herself: she repeatedly said to her, "my dearest mother! it would have been *base* to have distrusted him. He appeared to be the soul of honour: it was impossible to doubt him."

Another trial awaited this amiable family. Charles Mortimer arrived, gay with hope and expectation; and though the intelligence which blighted his hopes, was communicated with the utmost tenderness, and every argument used which a *mother* could use, when her child was the aggressor, it was too much for him: the agitation of his feelings threw him into a violent fever—delirium succeeded. Skill and tenderness were alike unavailing: he died, calling on the name of his faithless, but adored Isabella. It required all Mrs. Howard's fortitude to enable her to bear this last affliction with calmness. And the firmness which had supported Cornelia under her own trial, almost gave way on witnessing the sufferings and death of poor Charles. A deep gloom long pervaded this once happy family. Cornelia had ceased to grieve for herself, but she thought often and deeply on what would be the feelings of Isabella when the fate of Mortimer became known to her. Mrs. Howard could not forget,

that greatly as Isabella had offended, she was still her *child*; and they all wished to receive some intelligence of the fugitives. Meantime the voyage to England was prosperous and speedy. True, Isabella's dream of love was sometimes disturbed by the voice of the monitor within; the remembrance of her sister sometimes would intrude, but she strove to banish it. She would often repeat to herself, "Cornelia was incapable of loving Stanly as I love him: she is so calm, so rational, she will soon be reconciled." And Stanly, when he looked at his beautiful Isabella, tried to forget that he had forfeited his *honour* to obtain her. They arrived in England; and Stanly hastened to introduce his bride to his relatives and friends. Nor was it till he observed the looks of surprise which mingled with the admiration with which they regarded her, that he recollected he had sent to his sisters a miniature of Cornelia, as the resemblance of his affianced bride. An explanation was unavoidable. And Isabella felt humbled and mortified on observing the expression of every eye as it rested upon her. It was too evident that some degree of contempt for her was mingled with their disappointment. A sudden conviction flashed upon her mind; her eyes were opened to the humiliation she had prepared for herself. She saw that although the relatives of her husband treated her with politeness, as his wife, they secretly despised the woman who could supplant a sister—forsake her intended husband—and become a fugitive from her friends and country. She was *proud*, and her feelings, always irritable, sometimes broke forth in peevish repinings, or bursts of mingled anger and grief; and Stanly soon discovered, that it is possible for a female to be beautiful and fascinating, without being perfectly amiable. Isabella's thoughts began to take their flight more frequently across the Atlantic. She wished to write to her mother and sisters, but a feeling of shame had hitherto prevented her. She had just formed a determination to write immediately, when, in an American paper which with some others, Stanly had given her to read, she saw an account of the death of Charles Mortimer! The shock was great. Her heart suggested a thousand fearful thoughts—she felt that she was, too probably, the cause of his death; for she well knew with what devotion he had loved her. The anxiety to hear from her family was redoubled. She wrote to her mother a letter, expressive of the state of her feelings. Before an answer could arrive, the death of an infant, on whom they doated, filled both herself and Stanly with the most acute sorrow. Isabella's health began to decline in consequence of her anxiety—her wit and gaiety were fled—she was miserable—and felt that she deserved to be so; for she had made no effort to subdue the sudden passion which had caused her so much sorrow. Poor Isabella perceived that although Stanly's kind-

ness towards her was not diminished, his passionate admiration, which was kindled by her *beauty*, and had not *esteem* for its basis, evidently began to decline. She fancied that he regretted having left Cornelia for her sake—and the torments of jealousy were added to her other causes of unhappiness. At length a letter arrived in answer to her's. Mrs. Howard could not write, as she wished, with calmness. Augusta *would* not. The letter was from Cornelia. It was couched in affectionate terms, assuring her of her perfect forgiveness, and best wishes for their happiness. Isabella wept over this characteristic letter, and Stanly deeply felt the nobleness of her whom he had injured. As Isabella's health was now in a very declining state, her anxiety to return to America became excessive. She fancied she should be restored to health and happiness if she could behold her mother and sisters, and be assured that they actually forgave her. Stanly could not listen unmoved to her earnest intreaties; yet his feelings revolted at the thought of meeting her friends. The physicians advised change of climate—and Isabella at length prevailed. They set sail for America, and Stanly, for a short time, had reason to rejoice in his compliance: for his late drooping companion began to look and speak more cheerfully, and to wear again the smile which had enchanted him. But again poor Isabella's doubts and fears returned. She dreaded to meet again those friends whom she had so rashly left. Nor were the feelings of her husband much more enviable. Yet, if he returned to America not so *hasty* as when he left it, he returned much *wiser*. He had learned, in that short space of time, more than the experience of his former life had been able to teach him. He had learned that the fulfilment of our most ardent wishes does not always insure happiness; and that the indulgence of *passion* at the expense of *principle*, is generally followed by disappointment and remorse.

In two hours after their arrival in New-York, Isabella was weeping on the bosom of Cornelia! Stanly could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses; yet it was Cornelia. Forgetful of every thing except pity and affection, she had flown to her sister immediately on the receipt of his note. Calm, dignified, yet tender and affectionate, she gave them a *sister's welcome*, with that serious smile which ever distinguished her features, and they both felt assured that the welcome was *sincere*—the forgiveness perfect. Cornelia was shocked at the alteration visible in her sister's appearance. She conducted her to their mother, who received the poor fugitive with weeping tenderness. And Augusta, when she looked at her pale face, and altered form, could not withhold her pity and forgiveness. Isabella insisted on hearing the particulars of Mortimer's death—and though cautiously communicated, she felt most sensibly that he was the victim of her

blameable conduct. This conviction sunk deep into her mind, and, added to her bodily illness, soon produced an alarming change in her. It was evident that she was fast sinking into the grave. The virtues and tenderness of Cornelia shone conspicuously in this distressing season; and Isabella clung to her as to her guardian angel. But it was all in vain: she died—and the wretched Stanly was wrung with remorse and deep regret. How gladly would he have exchanged the remembrance of his fleeting dream of bliss, for years of actual misery, could he by that means have restored Mrs. Howard's family to the state in which he found it. He felt the folly of his former conduct; but repentance was now unavailing. He dared not think of again lifting his hopes to the pure and exalted being whom he had so wantonly forsaken. He left America, in the hope of forgetting, in scenes of busy life, the miseries which his dereliction from principle had occasioned him. But regret pursued him. *Isabella* dead—and *Cornelia* living, though lost to him, haunted his imagination, and Edward Stanly never again knew happiness.

Cornelia was united to a man who knew her worth and could appreciate it; and who felt that mere personal beauty, however brilliant, is trifling in comparison with those intellectual charms, and those inborn virtues, which throw a radiance over the plainest features, and will always charm when beauty has perished. Cornelia's life was long and happy. She gladdened the hearts of all around her, forming a striking contrast to the short career of her unfortunate sister, whose guide was *impulse*, and who sacrificed *duty* and *principle*, at the altar of *passion*.

## BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

### JOHN WITHERSPOON.

John Witherspoon was a native of Scotland, where he was born in 1722. In his early youth he displayed quickness of parts, and enjoyed the best advantages of education. He settled as a minister at Beith, in the west of Scotland, and afterwards at Paisley.

"In the beginning of the year 1746, Dr. Witherspoon, became involved in a very awkward situation, the particulars of which are highly interesting. The battle of Falkirk was fought on the 17th of January, and he, with several other individuals, who were present from curiosity alone, was taken prisoner in the general sweep which the rebels made after the battle, and confined in the castle of Doune. The place of his abode was a large *ghastly* room, the highest part of the castle, and next the battlements. In one end of this room, there were two small vaults or cells, in one of which he passed the night with five members of the Edinburgh company of volunteers, taken prisoners

in the action of the 17th, and two citizens of Aberdeen, who had been taken up in the north country, as spies, and threatened to be hanged by the rebels; in the other cell were also eight persons, suffering, like himself, the effects of injudicious curiosity. Each of the cells had a door which might be made fast by those in the inside when they went to sleep, having straw to lie upon, and blankets to cover them, which they had purchased from some people in the village of Doune.

"The principal object which employed the thoughts of the prisoners was the most practicable means of escape. A centinel, who stood two or three paces from the door of the room, allowed any of them that pleased to go up to the battlements, which were about seventy feet high: and it was proposed to make a rope of the blankets, by which they might descend from the battlements to the ground, on the west side of the castle, where there was no centinel. This proposal, which originated from one of the volunteers, was agreed to by them, and by the two men of Aberdeen. Dr. Witherspoon said that he would go to the battlements and see what happened; and that, if they succeeded, he would probably follow their example. The rope being finished, and the order of descent adjusted, they went up to the scene of action, and having fastened it, began to descend about one o'clock in the morning. The first four reached the ground in safety, but the fifth man who was very tall and big, going down in a hurry, the rope broke with him just as his feet touched the ground. The lieutenant standing by the wall of the castle, called to the volunteer, Thomas Barrow, whose turn it was to descend next not to attempt it, as twenty or thirty feet were broken off from the rope. Notwithstanding this warning, which he heard distinctly, he put himself upon the rope, and going down as far as it lasted, let go his hold; as soon as those below saw him upon the rope, (for it was moonlight,) they put themselves under him to break his fall, which, in part, they did; but falling from so great a height, he brought them both to the ground, dislocated one of his ankles, and broke several of his ribs. He was conveyed by his companions, with great difficulty to Tullyallan, a village near the sea, where they procured a boat to carry them off to the Vulture sloop of war, then lying at anchor in the Firth of Forth.

"Neil Macvicar, one of the volunteers, and Dr. Witherspoon, were now left standing on the battlements. The former had drawn the last number, and believing from the disaster of his friends, that the rope was not strong enough he pulled it up, and carried it to the cell, where there were some blankets, with which he completed it, beginning at the place where it had given way, and adding a good deal to its thickness. He then returned to the battlements, fastened the rope, and put himself upon it; he went down very well until he reached that part

of the rope where he had added so much to its thickness that his hand could not grasp it, and falling from the same height that Mr. Barrow had done, but having nobody to break his fall, was so grievously hurt, bruised, and maimed, that he never recovered, but languished and died soon after at the house of his father, who was a clergyman in the island of Isla.\* Dr. Witherspoon prudently declined this dangerous attempt, and patiently awaited his liberation in a safer manner."

That he was invited from this station to accept the Presidency of the college of New-Jersey, in 1766, is a sufficient proof that his merits were then well known, and highly appreciated in Scotland and America. In this college he was exceedingly useful.

"One of the first benefits which the college received from the appointment of its new president, was the augmentation of its funds, which from a variety of causes, were then in a low and declining condition. At that period, it had never enjoyed any resources from the state, but was entirely dependant on private liberality and zeal. The reputation of Doctor Witherspoon excited fresh generosity in the public, and his personal exertions, which extended from Massachusetts to Virginia, rapidly improved its finances, and placed them in a flourishing condition. It was, indeed, afterwards prostrated by the revolutionary war, which almost annihilated its resources, but the friends of learning must recollect, with gratitude, how much that institution owed to his enterprise and talents. The principal advantages, however, which it derived were from his literature; his mode of superintendency; his example as a happy model of good writing: and the tone and taste which he gave to the literary pursuits of the college."

"It is believed that he was the first man, who taught, in America, the substance of those doctrines of the philosophy of the mind, which Dr. Reid afterwards developed with so much success—He caused an important revolution in the system of education, whereby literary inquiries and improvements became more liberal, more extensive, and more profound. An admirable faculty for governing, and exciting the emulation of the youth committed to his care, contributed to the success of his various efforts to perfect the course of instruction. The great number of men of eminent talents, in the different liberal professions, who received from him the elements of their education is the best evidence of his services in the college. Under his auspices, a large proportion of the clergy of the Presbyterian church was formed; and to his instructions, America owed many of her most distinguished patriots and legislators"

He was soon called, however, to a more conspicuous station. In June 1776, he was elected a delegate to congress by the state of New Jersey; and here he was surpassed by none in

decision and vigor; qualities so necessary in the critical posture of our affairs.

"Doctor Witherspoon took his seat in congress, a few days previous to the fourth of July, and assisted in those important deliberations which resulted in that deed of noble daring, which severed the two countries forever. When a distinguished member of congress said that we were 'not ripe for a declaration of independence,' Doctor Witherspoon replied, 'in my judgment, sir, we are not only ripe but rotting.'"

In congress his services were various, important, and distinguished. Yet his highest merit was in another place.

"Notwithstanding his talents and political character, many believed that the principal merit of Dr. Witherspoon appeared in the pulpit. He was, in many respects, one of the best models by which a young clergyman could form himself for usefulness and celebrity. It was a singular benefit to the whole college, but especially to those who had the profession of the ministry in view, to have such an example constantly before them. Religion, from the manner in which he treated it, always commanded the respect of those who heard him, even when it was not able to engage their hearts. An admirable textuary, and a profound theologian, he was perspicacious and simple in his manner;—an universal scholar, he was deeply versed in human nature;—a grave, dignified and solemn speaker, he was irresistible in his manner;—and he brought all the advantages derived from these sources, to the illustration and enforcement of divine truth. Though not a fervent and animated orator, he was always a solemn, affecting, and instructive preacher."

He resigned the presidency of the college to Dr. Smith, in 1779, and died in 1794.

*Port Folio.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

It would be a pity not to preserve the following anecdote, which displays so much of that accuracy of observation which is known to be one of the characteristics of our red brethren of the West:—An Indian upon his return home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After taking observations upon the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. After going some distance he met some persons of whom he inquired, if they had not seen a *little, old white man*, with a *short gun*, and accompanied by a *small dog*, with a *bob tail*? They replied in the affirmative, and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person whom he had not seen. The

\* Home's Works: Hist. of Rebellion, 1745, vol. iii. pp 169, 195.

Indian answered thus:—"The thief I know is a little man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison from the height I hung it, standing on the ground;—that he is an old man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods: and that he is a white man I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be short, by the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree on which it leaned;—that his dog is small, I know by his tracks; and that he has a bob tail, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Mr. STODDARD,

Sir, I noticed some time since in the third No. of the first Vol. of the "Rural Repository" a piece in praise of women, where you read the first and third lines, then the second and fourth, signed "*Anna Maria*." I now send you a secret correspondence written by a lady to her intimate friend, who could not communicate with this friend without letting her husband first view the contents, she therefore sent the following, which to get the true meaning of you must read every other line, i. e. 1st, 3d, 5th, &c. when to read every line she was a happy wife—please to give this a place in your useful paper and oblige your friend and patron.

\*. II. 8. II □ 8 III.

"I cannot be satisfied my dearest friend, blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom which has ever beat in unison with mine the various sensations which now swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is the most amiable of men.—I have now been married seven weeks and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us. My husband is both in person and manners, far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable and jealous monsters, who think by confining, to secure; a wife it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend and confidant, and not as a plaything or menial slave; the woman chosen to be his companion. Neither party he says should always obey implicitly; but each yield to the other by turns.

An ancient maiden aunt near seventy a cheerful venerable and pleasant old lady lives in the house with us; she is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to all the good neighbours round generous and charitable to the poor.—I am convinced my husband loves nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass and his intoxication (for so I must call the excess of his love,) often makes me blush for the unworthiness,

of its object, and wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word, my dear Mary, and to crown the whole my former gallant lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned and I might have had a Prince without the felicity I find in him, Adieu! May you be as blessed as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy."

Yours,

PRUDY PRUDENT.

"Why, Mr.——," said a tall fellow to a little person who was in company with five or six huge men, "I protest you are so small I did not see you before." "Very likely (replied the little gentleman,) I am like fourpence-half-penny among six cents; not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once, told a lady that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, Sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to file your bill for it is sharp enough already."

Begging.—"As you do not belong to my parish," said a gentleman, to a begging sailor with a wooden leg, "I cannot relieve you." "Sir," replied the sailor with an air of heroism "I lost my leg fighting for all parishes."

## SUMMARY.

A company in the city of New-York have recently established on an extensive scale near Waterford in this state a factory for the manufacture of linens. They offer \$500 for the best models of machinery to be used in the manufacture of the raw material, and \$1000 for the best essay on the different processes by which the cloth is to be perfected.

*Ellinor and other Poems*, by Charles W. Thompson has made its appearance in Philadelphia. It is highly spoken of.

*New Post Offices*—A post office has recently been established in the town of Southport, Tioga co. by the name of "Seely Creek Post Office"—Col. John K. Smith, Post Master. Also one at the Horse Heads, in the town of Elmira, by the name of "Horse Heads Post Office"—Capt. Jonas Sayre, Post Master.

*New-Work*.—Miss Lefann, the niece of Sheridan, has just published a new romance, called *Henry the Fourth of France*.

A London paper announces that a novel of the highest interest, from the pen of a noble author, is in the press, entitled 'Ali Groinata or To the Day,' the scene of which is laid in Italy.

*Another American Novel*.—A new work, entitled the "New-York Yankee, or Tales of the first Settlers on the Tioughnioga," is preparing for press in Courtland village, in this state.

## MARRIED,

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pierce, the Rev. Mr. Williams aged 70, to Miss Polly Candle aged 14, daughter of the Rev D. P. Candle, all of Green River Hollow.

## DIED,

Suddenly on Sunday morning, the 11th inst. in the 2d year of his age, Samuel, only son of J. W. Edmonds, Esq.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### ODE TO FORTUNE.

O why should Fortune's visage wear  
A darker scowl for me?  
Who never did her anger dare,  
Nor bend to her the knee;  
Why can she not propitious view,  
Whate'er I've done, whate'er I do,  
With soul-enlivening ee?  
Nor bend me 'neath a galling yoke,  
That breaks the spirit ere 'tis broke.

Proud Fortune! thou with mortal's hopes  
And feelings, hold'st thy sport,  
And now the drooping spirit prop'st,  
Now one of haughty 'port  
Fell'st prostrate with a reckless hand,  
And raisest to thy chosen stand,  
The mean of meanest sort;  
To sport awhile his rise of wheel,  
Then feel in turn what others feel.

Thou trifling and thou changeable thing!  
Who liv'st in minds of men,  
Ideal pleasures wilt thou bring,  
And take them back again;  
Who can define thee? who can see  
Thy beauty or deformity?  
And seen, who love thee then?  
'Tis fickleness that stamps thy brow,  
Now wide expanded, frowning now.

I ne'er will follow, court thee ne'er  
A suppliant at thy shrine;  
Betray no signs of joy or fear  
Like votaries such as thine;  
I covet not thy shining stores,  
From eastern or from western shores,  
Above, beneath the line—  
What are they but a heap of dross,  
Whose gift is fatal and whose loss?

Then turn thy Gipsy eyes from me  
Thou monster of deceit;  
Though dazzling they and vain may be,  
And most may love the cheat;  
They steal on us with borrow'd glare,  
That hope exalts and lessens care,  
And then again retreat:  
An Ignus Fatuus of the mind  
That dances to perplex and blind.

And with her favours, men receive  
Proportion due of lust,  
What once as all they pray'd her give,  
Possess'd they treat as dust;  
And then more fiercely still aspire,  
Which still she meets with more desire,  
Then quits them in disgust:  
Wrought to ambition's highest height,  
She sports their downfall, scorns their plight.

### TO HENRY.

Oh Henry! why desert thy lyre?  
Why hang it on the aspen tree?  
Let it again each bosom fire—  
Forsake not thus thy minstrelsy.

Think'st thou, the aspen's trembling leaves,  
Will move to notes as sweet its wire—  
Such lays of melancholy weave,  
As did thy plaintive muse inspire?

Or would'st thou have some thoughtless boy,  
Wake its deep tones to strains of mirth?  
Its chords would break to notes of joy,  
And thy poor lyre be nothing worth.

Oft has it cheer'd thy lonely hours—  
Beguil'd thy grief, and sooth'd thy woe;—  
Then, tune thy lyre, amid thy bow'rs  
Let once again its numbers flow.

I care not for the joyous strain,  
It suits not with the scenes of earth;  
Then strike, sweet bard, thy lyre again,  
Yet, wake it not to sounds of mirth.

EMMA.

Hudson, June 5th 1826.

## ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

*Answer to the PUZZLE in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—A German Flute.

### NEW PUZZLE.

Esteem'd where'er I come, my usage kind,  
At every house I entertainment find;  
If at a feast I chance not to be there,  
In haste for me is sent a messenger,  
The king or emperor would uneasy be  
Should he sit down without my company:  
The meanest subject too, when he should eat,  
If I be absent will not taste his meat.  
And here, perhaps you'll call me trencher friend,  
Because at meals I constantly attend.  
I taste your dishes all, I must confess,  
Sometimes indeed to very great excess.  
Yet this is not because I take delight  
In feasts, like some base greedy parasite.  
To serve and please you is my sole intent!  
For this I spend my strength, myself am spent.  
In short, I am a universal good,  
Almost as necessary as your food;  
Pure without spot, and from corruption free;  
And saints themselves have been compared to me.

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